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WHO AND WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD?

33

L. ESTELLE DAY KING.

Class 33

Book

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Yours sincerely.

L. Estelle D. King.

WHO AND WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD?

BY

L. ESTELLE DAY KING

Ask, ask until Truth's answer shall thy every question meet,
Seek, seek until Life's treasures shall thy faithful vision greet,
Knock, knock until Wisdom's portal shall be swung open wide,
Let, let the Principle of Love forever be thy guide.

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Wisdom waits for every head,
And Love for every heart;
Light exists for every eye,
And Truth for every ear;
There is Good for every hand,
A Way for every foot;
Salvation awaits each soul,
Life gives itself to plan
And unfold the perfect man—
God stands while eons roll.

DEDICATION.

To all who read these words,
No matter who they are;
Whether of low or high degree,
Whether near or far,
My Friends.

To him whose childhood days
Are to me as fragrant flowers;
Whose faithful face has given me
Many happy hours,
My Brother.

To him whose indulgent heart
Has seldom said me nay,
And whose loving kindnesses
I never can repay,
My Father.

To her through whom I owe my all,
And whose noble spirit no sod
Can cover. Who is love itself,
And who I hold as next to God,
My Mother.

I lovingly dedicate these lines.

L. Estelle D. King.

PROEM.

The Law is changeless,
We reap as we sow;
To all good say "Yes,"
To error say "No."

Dear heart, are you reaping sickness or sorrow?
Have you sown tares (error thoughts) with your wheat?
Cheer up, re-sow, there's a bright, bright tomorrow,
For Love is the Law and Mercy doth mete.

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WHO?

Up rose the thought, earnest and sincere,
Far above;
Down fell the words, so sweet and clear,
God is Love.

WHAT?

Forth went the question, fervent and long,
Like a ruth;
Back came the answer, firm and strong,
God is Truth.

WHERE?

Without stands the query often heard,
Here and there;
Within lies the true, silent word,
Everywhere.

HUMANITY'S HEART.

This God which the world has so long been seeking
  Can never be found in any one place;
Listen, dear soul, to your true self speaking,
  You will find Him quickest in the heart of the Race.

First, seek within yourself, go clear down to the core,
  Find your own individuality, then dare
To look straight into all hearts as never before,
  And you will see God's indwelling spirit is there.

Be true. The confidences and secrets of others
  Hold just as sacred as you hold your very own;
Not just blood, but kindly sympathy, makes brothers,
  We are kin in mind and soul as well as flesh and bone.

When you have found this God in Humanity's heart,
  And your faith in all mankind you bravely declare;
Then you will see that all things are of Him a part,
  And that God and His Kingdom are everywhere.

WHO AND WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD?

Who and what is God? Is a question asked down all the ages,
It has burst from the lips of babes and out from the hearts of sages.
But though children ask of children and wise men seek from above,
None will receive a better answer than St. John's—"God is love."

What is Life? Has also perplexed philosophers of every age,
For an answer they have searched the ancient records page by page;
But only the ones have found it who could turn away and look
Deep down in Nature—God's masterpiece—the greatest, grandest book

He could write, and there learn the lesson taught in every word and line,
That Life is God, and God is Life, immutable and Divine.
Pure, perfect, whole and eternal, without beginning or end,
God, Nature, Life, all into one harmonious unit blend.

What is Truth? As asked by Pilate in the long, long ago,
Will be repeated by his brethren till each has learned to know
That Truth is God, and God is Truth, unalterable, the same
Yesterday, today, and forever, no matter by what name

You wish to call it, whether God, Love, Life, Truth, Nature or Spirit,
It is the Creator, and all things are created in it;
It is the Great Primal Source of man and beast, and plant and clod;
It is the very Life of all that lives, but men have named it God.

Yet its real name—the one which descended on Christ as a dove—
Is ever and always the sweetest, and this one name is Love.
From it springs all our loyalty and trust, our patience, hope and grace,
It is immortal youth and beauty, the soul behind each face.

God is Intelligence itself, and has made all that is made,
From the giant worlds that roll through space down to
the grassy blade.
God is the "Over-Soul" of the universe; the Great I
Am,
The Ego, Christ, or individuality of every man.

Christ is the Light that shineth in the secret place of
the Most High,
The Soul-center — where God seems to leave off and man
begin — the I
Of each of us; see this infinite side of every one you
meet,
Be he a prince within a palace, or a beggar on the
street.

God, the one creative energy, limitless and without
flaw,
Is the Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent Law
Underlying all phenomena; complete, changeless Being,
In which there is no variableness or shadow of turning.

It is the "still, small voice,"—that inward monitor
which speaks to all—
Aye, more, the very force which prompts us to listen and
heed its call.
As God is Unity, Law is one all-wise, universal will,
To acknowledge it in all our ways, is to this Law fulfill.

God is Perfection, and includes the sum-total of All
Good,
The only Presence, the only Power, and is understood
To be the Divine Principle or Cause, which lies back
behind
All action, all thought, and all form—the one and only
Mind.

Cause is the builder of all form, for all form is but
effect,
Back of visibility lies this invisible Architect—
Formless Mind—in which we are lived and moved and
have our being,
For God is all there is to be, to realize this is seeing

That "All is Infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation;"
That God is the Creator, creative action and creation.
Both noumena and phenomena; expressor and thing expressed,
Cause and effect, founder and foundation on which all things rest.

"O my God, where art thou?" Many a suffering heart has cried,
And many a hungry, homesick soul has sought Him far and wide;
"Where is God?" Children with wondering eyes have asked o'er and o'er,
And still the seeking, still the asking, we hear it more and more.

Yet our God is all about us, in the very air we breathe,
In the ball of earth we tread and in the fleecy clouds which wreathe
The blue dome o'erhead, in the heart of man, in the wild beast's lair,
For God means Good, and the Principle of Good is everywhere.

As there is only God, and Him manifest in all nature and
All living, there is no room for evil or a satan. Grand
Is this conception of Deity as All in All. One Wisdom,
One God rules without a rival, supreme in the only Kingdom.

One substance, in, out of, and by which all things are created,
One government sustains and governs all, and all are related ;
Are bound together by common ties into one vast brotherhood,
Are of one blood, each heart fed from the Great Heart of Absolute Good.

This Source and Cause is Consciousness itself, thus we can comprehend
How God is as a loving Father, tender Mother, faithful Friend;
Overshadowed by His presence, though we feel as a little child,
We can subdue the heart within us, which sometimes beats so wild.

God is all the health and strength and joy that we can
ever possess,
All the vigor and vitality that any one can express;
But we must first fulfill the law, and though we fail a
thousand times,
We must follow the Principle or we need not look for
the signs.

We must live the life for life's own sake; seek the Truth
because 'tis true,
And with its holy presence be permeated through and
through;
Be at one with God, who is the Light that banishes the
night,
Do as we would have others do. Do right because it is
right.

Abide in the center of our being, in the innermost I, —
Man's trysting place with the Divine, the secret place of
the Most High.
Be the Love which forever flows alike to every child of
earth,
No rich, no poor, no low, no high, for all are divine by
birth.

Creative Love is Omnipresence, filling every point of space,
It is the Law of Attraction, and holds each planet in its place;
It is the substance of the spheres, and keeps the stars a-shining,
And with its tender glow gives to our clouds their golden lining.

It portrays the glorious sunset with all its varied hue;
It sends the blood through every vein, and sparkles in each drop of dew;
It binds the atoms of the granite rock, and lifts the ocean's foam;
It is the essence of all friendships and the light of every home.

It is the whiteness of the lily fair, the crimson of the rose,
It forms the dainty snowflake and nourishes everything that grows;
It is that wondrous something which makes our lives worth living,
Which overlooks all human errors and makes us all forgiving.

It guides each wandering comet as it rolls to and from
the sun,
We have all been prodigals, and it brings us back one
by one;
For no man will ever turn away from what he knows to
be true,
And boundless, immeasurable Good enfolds every one
of you.

You have heard this same old story, doubtless, many
times before,
You read it in papers modern, you find it in ancient
lore;
But its sweetness never changes, whether found beneath
or above,
It is the same dear old story, the story that "God is
Love."

But pardon, pray, this repetition, as this is the month of
cheer,
The merry month of Christmas, and you know it comes
but once a year.
Yet it means far more than feasts, gifts, and the loads
of sweets and toys
That fill the hung-up-stocking, the delight of the girls
and boys.

It means to the grown up men and women, and the little ones, too,
That the "Christ" is born in the very core of every one of you;
At the very center of your being, where each is a son of God,
Born of Spirit immaculate, of a Love fathomless and broad.

The old Law ever holds true, that all things bring forth after their kind,
As Father, so son. The race was born in the Bethlehem of Mind,
And the star that stood over the city shines as bright now as then,
The wise ones follow it, and find Christ in all the children of men.

"Like begets Like," that which is born of the Spirit must be Spirit;
That which is born of inherent goodness must All Good inherit.
"God has only himself to make His children out of," thus every
Birth is a Christ birth, and every child a Christmas child. Merry

And happy should be the heart from the cradle to transition.
Could we but bid the seemings stand aside and give Love permission
To reign supreme, destroy all unlike itself, and thus cast out fear;
We would have a truly merry Christmas, and have it all the year.

Let's look beyond man's errors and see in all faces the Divine,
Mold Faith in our Christmas manna, and pour Love in our New Year's wine;
Then Peace shall come with good will to men, and Heaven draw very near,
I wish you all just such a Christmas, just such a Glad New Year.

YOUR CHOICE.

An indescribable something
Lies back of all creation;
Some call it "Spirit" or "Being,"
Some "Stillness," some "Vibration,"
Some of us call it Love,
But most of us call it God.

Some call it "Good" or "Unity,"
Others call it "Wisdom" or "Soul,"
Some "Principle," some "Deity,"
Others call it the "Perfect Whole,"
But I like to call it Love,
And I also call it God.

Some say it is the "Creator,"
Others call it the "Inmost I;"
Some "Consciousness," some "Redeemer,"
Others, "The Word," or the "Most High,"
But I like to call it Love,
Though I also call it God.

Some say it is "Omnipresence,"
Others, the "Universal Man,"
Some "Omnipotence," some "Omniscience,"
Others call it the "Great I Am,"
But I like to call it Love,
Though I often call it God.

Some call it the "Great Primal Source,"
Others, the "First Great Cause;"
Some say it is "Power" or "Force,"
And others call it "Nature's Laws,"
But I like to call it Love,
Yet I sometimes call it God.

Some call it "Mind," some call it "Life,"
And still others call it "Truth;"
Some call it "Peace," some call it Light,"
And others call it "Endless Youth,"
But I like to call it Love,
Though I sometimes call it God.

Some call it the "Only Substance,"
Others call it the "Holy One;"
Some say it is "Intelligence,"
"Father," "Holy Ghost," and "Son,"
But I like to call it Love,
Though I often call it God.

Some say it is "The Infinite,"
Others call it the "Silent Voice;"
Some say it is the "Law of Right,"
Each one names it his own choice,
And so I name it Love,
And I also name it God.

Some call it this, some call it that,
Their choice I do not refute;
Some say it is "Divinity,"
Others call it "The Absolute,"
Though I like to call it Love,
Yet I also call it God.

I like to call it God because
This word includes all other names,
All that it can be, is, or was,
And the goal of all our aims,
So sometimes I call it God,
And sometimes I call it Love.

I like to call it Love. Haven
Of rest, and that dear word, Father,
The essence of Home and Heaven,
And that most sacred word, Mother,
So I sometimes call it Love,
And I sometimes call it God.

FRIENDSHIP.

A priceless treasure is a loyal friend,
Better than silver, yea, better than gold.
Countless changes come and go, yet I hold
Dauntless and fixed, is friendship to the end.
Every attribute which man possesses
Flows to him from the universal source—
Gifts of the spirit. What a mighty force
Has embodied itself in man! Expresses
Itself through him in that staunch being, *friend.*
Just stop; think for what that word really stands.
Know'st thou it stands for the Image and
Likeness of God? In it all qualities blend,
Making it a pass-word into all lands,
Nothing claimed for it is too great or grand.

Open your soul to this divine inflow—
Prayer is but the soul's sincere desire—
Question thought not kindled with love's pure fire.
Reach upward, then outward, strive to bestow
Steadfast friendship which nothing can sever.
True love seeks not for a return, but makes
Us first, fast friends with all mankind, then takes
Virtue's clear light and shines on forever.
What! Be false when others are false to me?
Xeriffs of tried gold should not tempt me so;
Years should find us the same firm, faithful friends;
Zealous champions for humanity
& the good in each human heart. Hard? No,
God-love so anxiously its own defends.

AT-ONE-MENT.

As a stream is ever at-one with its source,
So man is at-one with The Great Life-Force;
As light is ever the showing forth of heat,
And rocks are a part of the soil 'neath our feet,
As all Nature brings forth, each after its kind,
So man shows forth the One Universal mind.
There can be no separation in Spirit,
The children of God must All-Good inherit;
As a ray of light comes from the sun above,
So the real man comes forth from Infinite Love.

Say not that he, like his flesh, is dust unto dust,
For the image and likeness of Spirit must
Also be Spirit, pure, holy and divine.
God is the All-in-All of your life and mine.
To make this truth—Man's oneness with God, Spirit—
Manifest, we must recognize it, claim it,
Know that, in being and essence, we *are* it,
And then with earnest, steadfast purpose, *live* it.

What of our failures, mistakes, or so-called sin?
Of the many prizes which we never win?
Of the yearnings and longings which seem in vain?
Of the strivings and heartaches mingled with pain?
They are mistakes made in the problem of life,
For the works of Spirit are done without strife.

It takes both Wisdom and Force to solve a problem.
The Principle of Mathematics is emblem
Of God, as the Divine Principle of Man
And the Universe.
To work life's problem can
We succeed, unless we are one with Principle ?
How can we be true unless Truth's disciple ?
Problem with Principle must ever agree,
Or mistakes in the solution there will be ;
And rough and thorny will be the pathway trod,
Unless we realize our oneness with God :
They are the bumps men get as they walk life's floor—
Most of us are babes and can but little more
Than creep—
They fall, but, eager to reach the goal
They rise again, but the road is steep, doubts roll
Like stones, from other minds as well as their own,
Doubts as to their firmness, some call it "Back-bone,"
Doubts as to their goodness, their intrinsic worth,
Their inborn God-likeness, and their royal birth.
Yet inexperienced, they fall and get a bump,
Few knew the undeveloped mind ; few saw the lump
In the anxious throat
(Every soul is blind which peers
Into a wayward heart and sees there no tears),
As they failed, though they did try with all their might.
Harsh thought said, "Good enough for them," "Serves
them right,"

"They knew better," etc.

O World, wake from sleep,
Call unto other hearts like deep unto deep,
Hear sweet Charity as she pleads for every one,
"Father, forgive them, they know not what they've done."
We came from one source, we journey toward one end,
All are one in God, let each be to each a friend.
Let each know that "I and my Father are one,"
And each say, "His will is mine, let it be done."
Man is one with man. Realize this at-one-ment.
Man is one with God. This is the true Atonement.
Stand fast in this Truth wherewith Love hath made you free,
And be as true to Truth as Truth is true to thee.
Oh! Call not men poor, crawling worms of the sod,
But teach them the Oneness and Allness of God.
Say not, "There's satan below and God-wrath above,"
But show them the Oneness and Allness of Love.

"WE CAME FORTH FROM GOD."

"We came forth from God." Oh, those precious words,
By day and by night they ring in my ears,
As sweet as the song of children and birds,
For they came to me 'mid sorrow and tears.

"We came forth from God." I hear the words yet,
They were spoken so earnest, strong and plain
To hearts that were heavy and eyes that were wet,
Over and over I hear them again.

"We came forth from God." This sentence contains
The secret of origin and destiny.
It shows man's real character and explains
His inheritance and divinity.

He must be like the Source from which he sprang,
A pure stream cannot send forth waters both
Bitter and sweet. Figs on fig-trees must hang,
For you have heard it said, "A good tree doth

Bring forth fruit after its kind." God is Good,
Therefore, doubt not man's inherent goodness;
Ever since time began the Law has stood
Firm in its unalterable kindness.

I am not talking of man's seeming sin,
Of his false beliefs and his ignorance,
For they are but the mistakes he makes in
His blind gropings for his inheritance.

His inheritance of all that is good,
All that is pure, true, noble and divine.
"We came forth from God," or else the Christ could
Not have said, "All the Father hath is thine."

I am talking of the immortal man,
Created in God's own image and likeness;
Made out of Spirit and divine in plan,
Begotten in Love and true holiness.

"We came forth from God." How full the promise
Given the children of humanity.
"I am the Alpha and Omega." In this
Lies both our origin and destiny.

"We came forth from God." In Him we are living
Like birds in the air and fishes in the sea;
Are one with Him in essence and being,
In Him we abide as the branch in the tree.

"We came forth from God." We constantly breathe
Divine substance, holy, spirtual breath.
Seen or unseen, we His Spirit receive,
God is all life and there can be no death.

The earnest soul who did this lesson teach,
I thank most sincerely. Firmer is trod
Life's pathway, as we realize and each
Day repeat his words, "We came forth from God."

FORGIVE.

Forth from my heart springs a little word, but
So full of meaning to the human race,
It holds the power to transform each hut
And palace into a heavenly place;
It surges through every atom of my
Being, and finds rest only as it pours
Itself forth and is met, in other hearts by
The same word as waves meet their ocean shores.
I recognize a yea, yea, down in the
Fathomless depths of every throbbing heart,
For even though by all denied, yet we
Feel that each is of the One Life a part.
Pure Wisdom forms each atom of the whole,
Divine blood builds every tissue and cell,
Truth, wakened or slumbering, in one soul
Lies deep in every other soul as well;
The great divine inheritance of one,
Is also the inheritance of all.
The grand qualities of Being burst forth,
And like far-off birds, each to each does call—
No soil but holds rich treasures in its depths—
And I know in each of the hearts that live
There is stored in some one of its secret
Chambers, that tender, soulful word, *forgive.*
Dear friend, have you aught against another,
Believing some one has done you a wrong?
Has your pride been hurt, your feelings wounded,

Either at home or mingling in life's throng ?
Do you still cling to that old seeming grudge,
And think over the wrong that has been done,
Then mistake yourself for your brother's judge
And tell over his faults to every one ?
Then out from my soul there springs this same old
Word, *forgive*. It is the Law of Being.
Being is God, and God can no more help
Forgiving than light can keep from shining,
But He forgives according to a fixed
Law of His own Being. He forgives just
As fast as we fulfil His Law. If we,
Through our blind ignorance, sow tares, we must
Refit the soil and sow good seed before
We can reap the golden harvest of right
Being, right thinking, right doing. Sin is
Forgiven only when destroyed. As light
Forgives darkness by dispelling it, so
Truth forgives error. Think not that error
Or sin can be indulged and forgiven,
That is, wiped out, without suffering, for
God forgives sin as the principle of
Mathematics forgives a mistake in
Numbers — by adjustment only — only
By at-one-ment with Divine Law can sin
Be blotted out. Happiness is the state
Of Being, and he who co-operates
With the Law of Being masters his fate.

The keen eye of All-Wise Love penetrates
Through all darkness and error and beholds
Itself in the Law, beholds Its living
Likeness in man. Action of Law unfolds
The divine germ within him, forgiving
Mistakes as fast as Truth is embodied.
We forgive ourselves when we stop sinning —
Falling short of Truth or missing the path —
We must work with the Law unremitting,
Or we bruise ourselves, then call it God's wrath.
"God's wrath!" Such a thing is impossible.
Can light shed darkness? Can fire freeze? No.
Then why say that God (Perfect Love) can hate?
Far better say that waters cannot flow,
That mighty planets cannot roll in space,
That the twinkling stars cannot shine above,
That the earth cannot send forth flowers fair,
Than say God cannot be Unchanging Love.
No ice can withstand the torrid sun's rays
Nor darkness resist the light it begets,
No error can thrive where Truth supreme reigns,
No hatred where Love forgives and forgets.
Would you know happiness — joy, full and free?
Would you find a lasting peace and content?
Then *be* forgiveness itself. Be like the
Sunshine and yours shall be a life well spent.
Well spent, because the true soul who forgives
Constantly, knows that he is no better

Than the most undeveloped child that lives.
He knows that he is as much a debtor
To the Principle of his being as
Any one else can be. He cannot boast
Of superiority for he has
Learned that he who shows forth the most
Noble attributes and does the most good,
Is simply farther advanced in the Laws
Of spirtual unfoldment; has stood
The test of temptation only because
Of greater development of moral
Strength within him. Thus he takes no credit,
Neither gives credit to any mortal
For being good, knowing that from Spirit
And Truth universal, each attribute
Is derived; that no man originates
His own goodness. Christ gave all good repute
To God, not to self or associates.
All noble deeds He credited to the
One God in each personality,
To Him who is All. "Why callest thou me
Good? there is none good, but one, that is God."
See'st thou not that all morality
Must be God embodied? Man in order
To embody the Truth must turn from all
Condemnation. Charity, the border-
Land of Love, holds rich treasures great and small.
Principle does not blame, judge or condemn;

Nor does man, when he understands the Law,
Criticise another for seeming sin;
Nor does he magnify each fault and flaw.
He knows he either has or might have been
Just as bad, for man is not saved by works,
But by the Christ Principle of his being,
Which shows him that the God-likeness ever lurks
Beneath the dense shadows of sin, freeing
Soon or late, each mentally from the
Bondage of ignorance and error. This
Principle also teaches him that to be
Happy he must conform to the Law. Bliss,
Fullness of joy, is of the Spirit and
Endures throughout all time. Sense pleasures
Must be redeemed by head and heart and hand.
Understanding of Principle measures
Man's capacity to forgive. It means
For him to be ever ready and willing
To help any fellow-creature. He who leans
Upon Principle for guidance, filling
Heart and head with only the pure and true,
Seeing the common origin of all ;
That the same God who is God of the few
Is the loving Father of the many,
Helps to speed the years till error and wrong
Shall by the right arm of Love be riven,
Cast in oblivion where they belong —
Each soul by both God and man forgiven.

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.

Life is omnipotent, and maketh whole,
Joy is sunshine for all kinds of weather;
Peace is the fragrance from a tranquil soul,
But it's Love that holds the world together.

Hope is a guiding star which never sets,
Beauty is Soul shining through Nature's face;
Understanding, the light which Faith begets,
But it is Love that holds all things in place.

Mind is cause. Thought is the action of Mind,
Flesh is result. What truly is, is best.
Mind thinks, showing forth thought after its kind,
But Love is the base on which true thoughts rest.

Man's true, spoken word is a torch to bear,
Whether he live in a cottage or hall;
Charity, a robe we all need to wear,
But Love is the sum and substance of all.

Knowledge has been Power since time began,
And, though it's harder to practice than preach,
Intelligence shows that Mind is the Man,
And Love is the height to which all things reach.

Happiness is the crown of every goal,
Wisdom to Truth, our life-barques tether ;
Virtue is the nectar of every bowl,
But it's Love that binds us all together.

Spirit is substance, from Mind to a clod,
Kindness, the firm bond between every race ;
The sum-total of all is Love or God,
And it's Love holds the Universe in place.

OUR REDBIRDS.

On our side porch railing there lit one day
A bright little bird with a coat so gay,

For his plumage was red as a red, red rose,
And a ring of black feathers encircled his nose.

He twittered and chirped, as much as to say,
"If you make a move I will fly right away."

And so we kept still while he hopped about,
Looking both this way and that way, no doubt,

To see if we were so extremely neat
Not a crumb could be found for birdie to eat.

Down on the porch steps he did quickly pass,
Then straightway hopped out into the green grass.

Soon he loudly chattered, "For goodness sake!
If here isn't a piece of johnny cake."

Quickly he closed 'round it his bright red bill,
Mouse-like we kept ever so still, so still.

A few more crumbs on the ground he did spy,
Then he softly whistled a sweet "good-bye."

I said to my friend, "Just suppose we take
And put on that rail some fresh johnny cake.

We will put the crumbs there, then wait and see
How much of a temptation it will be."

The next morning we watched, and not in vain,
For back came our whistling bird again.

He found that his breakfast table was spread
With plenty of water and plenty of bread.

He chuckled and chattered at a great rate,
As he hopped on the rail and his breakfast ate.

The grass was pretty under the morning dew,
But prettier the bird as he chirped, "Thank you."

Back to the porch a number of times he came,
And found his nice table set just the same.

Then he twittered and chattered, "Now please do
Just be liberal and set it for two."

We joyfully added another plate,
And to see our new guest could hardly wait —

We believed in the divinity of all things made,
From yon shining orb to that breakfast laid ;

We believed that all things were made by Love,
From the bugs beneath to the birds above ;

We believed that all love, howe'er expressed,
In all living things is God manifest.

Be it from man to man in deed and word,
Or from beast to beast and from bird to bird.

All life is God-Life. When this is understood,
We will behold all things as "very good,"

And have charity for every eye that weeps,
And sympathy for the smallest thing that creeps —

Before very many hours could pass,
My friend chanced to look through the window glass,

And exclaimed, "Just come and look! Sure as fate,
There is our pretty redbird and his mate."

True enough, there beneath the cherry tree
Were two birds just as cute as birds could be.

One with wide open mouth 'twixt lips so red,
Who was by her companion being fed

With a bug or something else he had found
As he hopped here and there over the ground.

Closer and closer they came till he
Flew to the pump; she, more timid, chose a tree.

He coaxed and chattered and told her not to fear,
That there was no one who would hurt them here.

At last he proved himself a successful swain,
His coaxing and cooing had not been in vain;

He stood triumphant on the rail; by his side,
In all her beauty, stood his gentle bird bride.

He was as handsome as any bird need be,
She as sweet and dainty as any you see.

He wore a suit which was dashingly red,
While a top-knot crowned each delicate head.

They were symbols of Love and a pretty pair,
And all human-kind should their gentleness share.

Soon the gallant husband began to break,
In his usual way, a piece of johnny cake.

Then he put some into her open bill,
While we sat watching, oh, so still, so still.

Then he chirped and chattered, "Don't be so 'fraid,
This breakfast on purpose for us was laid."

But she ate sparingly, the place was new,
So they said "bye-bye" and away they flew.

But the ice was broken, the victory won ;
No longer need they seek from sun to sun

For bugs and worms and their daily bread,
For a bountiful table now is spread

On that porch railing, and for a plate
Is used, not china, but a great big slate.

From everything good in the eatable line,
A little is put on that slate 'neath the vine.

And the redbirds come at their own sweet will,
And twitter and chatter a "Peace be still."

They whistle and talk to us every day,
Their beauty and song does all kindness repay.

They are building a nest very close, I hear,
Thus proving the proverb that Love casts out fear.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

Had sorrow always passed me by,
And had I never known pain ;
Had temptation never come nigh,
And doubt never crossed my brain ;

Had despair never touched my brow,
And had I never known sin ;
Had I to God no broken vow,
No tempests raging within ;

Had my life been all bright sunshine
And never mingled with rain ;
Had worldly pleasures all been mine,
Would all this have been real gain ?

I might have lost that deeper joy
Which sprang forth from life's crosses,
Or missed the Truth without alloy,
Which compensates life's losses.

Had I of sorrow had no part,
I could never have been drawn
So close to humanity's heart,
And into its depths have gone

So that I could feel its beating
And its warm blood ebb and flow,
As sense pleasures seem retreating,
And desires come and go,

I might have lacked true sympathy
For the hearts I meet each day ;
I might have lacked sweet charity
For all who have missed the way.

I am a nobler, truer friend,
Not a child of earth is spurned;
Each has my friendship to the end,
For the lessons I have learned.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the Truth-seekers grow,
They note not their progress but yet we know
God-Life through them is forever flowing,
Cleansing and healing, warming and glowing ;
Beliefs in matter, evil and decay,
Little by little are passing away.

Day by day are scattered the seeds of Love,
While error by error they rise above ;
Steadfast and persistent, the Truth they seek,
And over and over the true word speak ;
Listening to the "still, small voice within,"
Little by little the prize they win.

Month by month together they hold the true thought,
From its high ideals noble lives are wrought,
Making God manifest, none can well shirk,
Each for himself must accomplish the work.
Though fear and hope alternate seize the soul,
God's hand with wisdom is guiding the whole.

In the loom of Mind, with the shuttle thought,
They are slowly weaving what can't be bought ;
An understanding heart, a conscience white,
As little by little they do what's right;
To entwine the thoughts with a master's skill,
They must work as one with the Infinite Will.

Step by step they climb the great spiritual height,
Walking by faith till clearer grows their sight.
Thought upon thought from the All-Good they build,
Till with Faith, Hope and Love their hearts are filled
So full that to others they must overflow,
To some weary watcher his True Self show.

Year after year on they press without strife,
Their guide—He who is the Way, Truth and Life.
As one by one does the Great Truth release,
Soul by soul comes into its inward peace,
Till their highest praise of Divinity
They voice together in glad symphony.

STAND IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Stand in the bright sunlight of God,
  Its good is always shining,
It penetrates the darkest clouds,
  And gilds a golden lining.

Stand in the bright sunshine of Hope,
  It strengthens the heart each day,
And sheds rich beauty and gladness
  On all who may pass its way.

Stand in the bright sunshine of Peace,
  And let it reflect on all ;
It will yield no bitter remorse,
  For its cup holds joy, not gall.

Stand in the bright sunshine of Love,
  In it no error can thrive ;
It is the elixir of Life
  And keepeth the soul alive.

Stand in the bright sunshine of Truth,
Its rays are shining steel;
It claims naught that is unlike God,
And knows only good is real.

Stand in the bright sunshine of Life,
In it is no death for the soul;
It is the quintessence of Being,
And maketh "every whit whole."

Stand in the sunlight of Power,
Power that comes from on high,
Power that springs forth from Spirit,
And concentrates in the "I."

Stand in the bright sunlight of Faith,
'Twill gleam on the pathway trod.
Be loyal and true, let naught come
Between yourself and your God.

GRASP GOOD ONLY.

O world, all that God is, or made, is good.
The One, only Creator, created
Nothing unlike Himself. Truth is unsealed ;
Grasp it so firmly that your fixed oneness
With the immutable, unchangeable
Law of absolute Good may be revealed.
All that is good — grasp it so, grasp it so ;
But all error — let it go, let it go.

Dear one, every soul is centered in Love,
Centered in the one great Source of all-good ;
We are pushed from and by this one Life-force
Into existence. Our false beliefs and
Ignorance of Truth is what ails us all.
Remedy — find, then abide in our Source.
All true goodness — grasp it so, grasp it so ;
But all hatred — let it go, let it go.

Which do you most see, the good or error,
In another ? If you see and praise the
Good you help unfold it, but his mistakes —
Help him to destroy them with the Truth, thus
Forgive them and forget them, let them go.
By recognizing only the good, man makes
The without as the within. Friend or foe,
Remember not his error, let it go.

Faults and wrongs you find in others or in
Self, just ignore them, let them go; then grasp
The opposite good — the right — with so great
A firmness that it can but replace them.
Only good can overcome evil, and
The true must dispel the false, soon or late.
The Christ-truth in each soul — grasp, grasp it so,
But his errors — let them die, let them go.

Forgive them and forget them, let them go,
It will make the world a happier place,
Than to cling to the grudges and the slights.
Let your love be like the sun, shining on
All alike, lighting dark places, turning
Away wrath, filling the world with delights.
All the good you find — grasp it, grasp it so
That the error will have to, have to go.

See the Man, the Real Man, the Christ Man, in
Every soul you meet; behold this Image
And likeness of God; grasp it, don't let it
Go; cherish it as a true and tried friend;
Know that the errors and false beliefs do
Not belong to him. He is pure spirit.
All that is good and God-like — grasp it so,
But all that is unlike God — let it go.

TWO WORLDS.

There are two worlds lying side by side,
  One unseen, the other the seen;
One is deep and the other is wide,
  Both are formed from Spirit, I ween.

One is cause, the other is effect,
  And both I call spiritual;
One is acknowledged to be perfect,
  But some call one material.

The realm of Mind and the world of clay,
  Are the ideal and the real;
One we revere and sometimes obey,
  The other with the senses feel.

We each of us build our own thought world,
  We make it either glad or sad,
According to the kind of thoughts hurled
  From our mind, whether good or bad.

THE STORY OF A BROKEN LENS.

I am only a broken lens,
  Not even encased in a bow,
But I have a little story
  That I want all my friends to know—
It may do you good; for sometime,
  Somewhere, you may chance to meet
A fellow like the one I did,
  Within your home or on the street.

It was an ideal morning
  In the beautiful month of May,
Just such a lovely morning
  As precedes an ideal day;
I lay on my mistress' table
  So happy and content,
For my partner and myself
  Were never on sensation bent.

Our greatest joy was in resting
  Quietly on our mistress' nose,
For she sometimes needs friends like us
  When she reads and when she sews.
I lay there resting and dreaming
  And listening to the May birds sing,
When I was startled by hearing
  The door-bell go ting-a-ling-ling.

My mistress, who was near by, stepped
  Forward with all her usual grace,
And met a dignified stranger—
  With a big satchel—face to face.
I judged from his mien and manner
  He was Aladdin's Magician,
But he presently announced that
  He was an "expert optician."

Then, stepping across the threshold,
  Gave himself an invitation
To deliver to his hearers
  A fine optical oration;
Which he did with an eloquence
  Excelled by none, equalled by few,
As he tried to convince my mistress
  That her blue eyes were all askew.

With one she could easy see afar,
  With the other only close by;
To make them both alike, he said,
  Was not one bit of use to try;
For his test machine was exact,
  And both of them he had tested,
In spite of the fact that she,
  In her gentle way, had protested.

Then he found that at least in one thing
She was bound she would have her way,
She would not purchase spectacles
Of him, or anyone that day;
She would not buy his glasses and
Pay him two dollars and a half;
She could get them for fifty cents
Elsewhere, and how it made us laugh.

But our laughing turned to terror
As the great optician said,
"Let me see your glasses, madam,
The ones you find oft on your head."
My trusting mistress then picked us up;
I would have screamed outright
And told her not to do such a thing,
But so extreme was my fright

I could not speak a word, so she
Handed us over to that man.
A friend who had been very busy
Writing at her desk, then began
To take more than a passing interest
In what was being said and done;
She turned and watched the optician
As he wiped us one by one,

On his pocket handkerchief. How he
Polished my mate and then rubbed me,
Just as though we had never had
A bath, and through us no one could see.
Then he mixed us with his glasses
Which he had brought with him, to show
How it takes such different lens
To fit different eyes, you know.

Then, oh! All at once — "presto change"—
Another lens was in my place,
And soon with my blest companion
Was put on my dear mistress' face.
Where I went I hardly knew,
For I was scared almost to death,
So fast I flew from place to place,
It quite took all my breath.

My innocent mistress did not
See me, neither did my friend,
But I saw a look upon her face
Which I did quickly comprehend,
As she noted with what positiveness
The learned agent put to rout
All statements that my lady's eyes
Were just alike; "Without a doubt

You never noticed it before,"
He said ; "Nevertheless, 'tis true ;
Here are your glasses ; see, they speak
For themselves. Now try to look through
Them and read from this newspaper,
First with one eye, then with the other.
Don't you see, your eyes are no more
Alike than sister and brother ? "

But in spite of this powerful
Argument he had to fail.
He could not persuade my mistress
Nor of his glasses make a sale.
Then there came a funny feeling
In the region of my heart,
As he tossed her "specs" into her lap
And then prepared to depart ;

For I did not want my mistress
Left in such an awkward plight,
With one eye close up to her nose,
And the other way out of sight.
My faithful friend then leaned forward —
The agent looked cold enough to freeze —
As with a gracious smile, she said,
"Just let me see them, please."

She took the spectacles in her hand
And gave them just one glance,
Then said, "Pray, pardon me, but there
May have been a mistake, perchance,
For as sure as men are only lads grown
Tall, and women but grown up lasses,
I tell you frankly, just so sure,
These are not the lady's glasses."

A look of strange bewilderment
Quickly covered the agent's face,
But with feigned composure, he said,
"If you can find them any place
Among my goods — you are welcome
To search my satchel through and through —
You can take them; they may have got
Mixed up with the rest, it is true."

But my friend, who had been closely
Studying him while he was speaking,
Did not move, for she much preferred
To have him do the seeking,
Which he did most thoroughly,
For he had nothing else to do;
And yet, I was so very close
I could have scared them by saying "Boo."

But I kept as still as a mouse,
And let him search throughout his pack
Over and over again,
Back and forth and forth and back.
At last, turning to my mistress,
He exclaimed in sheer despair,
"Are you quite sure, noble madam,
That those are not your glasses there?"

"Quite sure," she replied, "To prove it
I will tell you the reason why;
The missing lens has two small nicks,
One on each side. Now you may try,
Sir, to find a nick in this one."
But he did not try. Instead,
Over his case of glasses
He quietly bowed his head,

And looked again in vain to find
The missing lens; then he replied,
"I cannot find it, neither can
I make it." With this he tried
To look as though all that was
Possible to do, had been done.
Then he leaned back in his chair, and
His eyes sparkled — but not with fun.

While I saw in my friend's mirthful
Eyes as plain as in any book,
That she was thinking that there was
Yet one more place for him to look;
She pitied him, but quickly said,
"Pray, sir, look in your pockets."
It was like a dynamite bomb,
And burst his eyes most from their sockets.

While my good mistress held up her hands
And thought my friend exceeding rude,
Though she confessed that she herself
Was with some such a thought imbued.
The warm blood then mounted to the
Agent's brow, for he was well awoke,
And knew that his next sentences
Must be studied before he spoke.

"Think you that I have stolen the
Glasses? Can you possibly see
Any plausible reason why
They would be of use to me?
If I have taken them, I will
Give a brand new pair of lens
As a present to the lady."
And before this story ends,

You will see that this last statement
Of his was very true indeed,
For to try to prove his innocence,
Of course there was not any need.
His anger increased, and he was
Not the same gentleman again ;
For his error had been wounded,
And was writhing in its pain.

My friends both tried to comfort him,
And smooth his ruffled feathers down,
But it was of no use ; he only
Scorned them, and answered with a frown.
My friend said if she had misjudged
Him, it might to him a lesson be,
So the next place he went, he would
Be extra careful and see

That he did not mix up other
People's spectacles with his own.
He spoke up very sharp and stern
Quite different from his usual tone.
"I guess I know enough to attend
To my own business." It scared me,
I thought he would eat her up, for
He looked as cross as cross could be.

"Perhaps you do," my friend replied,
"But there is one thing very clear,
That with all your boasted confidence,
You surely did not know it here."
Then I knew he wished he could have
Been an "African magician,"
For just a little while instead
Of an "expert optician."

At last he saw that there was left
But one thing more for him to do,
And that was to fulfil the most
Willing promise he had made to
My friend. Therefore, he took my
Mistress' "specs," and quick as a wink
Out went my cherished companion,
And that other lens, don't you think,

And in their place a nice new pair
Of lens, numbered just the same,
For you see he knew, without any
Testing, just how the numbers came
To fit my lady's eyes. He was
Such an expert that he could just strike
The right ones; for, he said to her,
"You can see through these both alike."

It was very funny how quick
Her eyes, which had been so askew,
Became as near alike as two peas,
As though they had been made brand new.
Our visitor arose but made
A little speech before he went;
He had traveled much and was by
An optical company sent

To examine eyes free of charge,
And all his work was guaranteed.
Guaranteed to be, or not to
Be; which, I cannot say indeed.
"To read and see at a distance
With the same glass," he comprehends
What it is to be "manufacturer
Of this new bi-focal lens."

He said he had been in many homes,
And he spoke this with much feeling,
But this was the first time he had
Ever been accused of stealing.
With this remark, he and his satchel
Vanished quickly out of the door,
Leaving poor me, with both my nicks,
Not far behind him on the floor.

I was right back of his satchel,
Just underneath an easy chair,
And it was strange that none of them,
Not even he, had seen me hiding there.
Soon my friend spied me, picked me up,
And gave a cry of great surprise,
As she saw my two nicks and held
Me up before my mistress' eyes.

They could not help but laugh as they
Gazed into each others' faces ;
Shall I tell you what they said while
He went on to other places
In search of fresh subjects ? For doubtless
He had played this same game before.
They talked the experience over
For a day or two or more.

Did they see him as a wicked
Man, who was completely bad,
Because he tried to swindle them,
And failing, became slightly mad ?
Did they condemn him for being
So dishonest and deceitful ?
Did they blame him because he was
Both treacherous and ungrateful ?

No indeed, for my blessed mistress
Is so exceeding good and kind,
She quietly remarked, "There is
A man I call morally blind."
My friend said, "He is like all the
Rest of us, he needs to annex
Unto his mental faculties
A pair of spiritual 'specs.'"

"I tell you, things are put upon
People," my mistress often said.
Her heart is big and deep and broad,
And on all humanity shed
Its warm rays of love and truth and
Tender compassion for the erring;
In its depths the great, grand qualities
Of true womanhood are stirring.

They both agreed it was a severe
Case of astigmatic blindness,
As he seemed to lack what is some-
Times called "the milk of human kindness;"
No matter how severe the case,
No matter what's been done, mark this,
What Shakespeare said is very true:
"Ignorance is the only darkness."

He did not know the Law, that the
Good of one is the good of all,
And the wrong we do to others
Reacts and on ourselves does fall ;
He could not see that an honest
Mind is the only source of wealth,
And that soul as well as body,
He should keep in perfect health.

But you say that he knew better—
That he knew he was doing wrong—
In taking from another what
He knew did not to him belong.
Yes, I grant he had been told, and
Perhaps believed it in his head ;
Perhaps be had heard it many
Times and about it he had read ;

But this can never save a man
From committing a so-called sin,
For intelligence and heart-wisdom
Are unfolded from within.
You may employ a thousand men
And give to each a pail or bowl,
Then tell them to carry water
And pour it in a hole,

But you will never have a lake
Nor a stream that will not go dry,
For every self sufficient thing
Has in itself its own supply.
Every lake and river takes its
Rise in accord with Nature's laws,
And every man has a soul spring
Within, fed from the First Great Cause.

So all man can do for self or
To help unfold his brother man,
Is to see this divine spring with-
In and work as one with its plan ;
From it flows all goodness and
Honesty, all virtue and true worth ;
It contains all the attributes
Of God. Man is It showing forth.

To see the light of Life and Truth
In every man and bid it shine,
Is the only way to over-
Come the darkness of sin and shame ;
To blame, condemn and harshly judge
Another for being unkind,
Is to cover up our own true
Light, and be ourselves quite blind.

Wait, Love will unfold the good in
  Each, and peace adorn every brow ;
Work, knowing that each is doing
  The best he, in his heart, knows how ;
The best that his present realization
  Of Absolute Truth will permit.
Condemn not, judge not, but let thy
  Face with sweet charity be lit.

The deep yearnings and strivings of
  Others are by us oft unguessed ;
Many a rose of triumph buds and
  Blooms unseen in each human breast.
Error is not in the Real Man,
  Himself, but in his false belief,
Knowledge of truth, of what he really
  Is, is his only relief.

Love every child of earth, leave not
  One out. Look beneath faults and flaws.
The same Life lives us all ; all are
  Children of the one and only Cause.
One is no better than another,
  For the seeming difference lies
In their degree of soul-consciousness
  Or unfoldment, for each one tries

In his own degree. It is a gift,
Therefore neither you nor I
Can do more in our degree than
He in his. If so, tell me why.
Could we abide in the consciousness
That man in God is wholly free,
Our charity would cover all,
"As the waters cover the sea."

We would speak kindly to the erring,
And would never, never forget
That with their apparent mistakes
And with all their seeming sin, yet,
They are joint-heirs to the same good;
Children of the very same God;
Perhaps we fell much oftener,
According to the path we've trod.

There, I have told my little story,
And taught opticians another trick;
For if they read this and still deceive,
They will be sure the lens has no nick.
But God grant all may learn much more
From this story of a broken lens,
That good alone brings true happiness;
And here, with this wish, my story ends.

THE POWER THAT WON.

Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.— MATT. XXII: 36-40.

As it lays the form of its martyred chieftain near its final rest,
Our strong nation, as though but one heart beat within its noble breast,
Stands with bowed head, crushed by a great grief it knows not how to express;
Faced with a most serious error it knows not how to redress.

Was it his gifted statesmanship, alone, which moves the heart and head,
And makes all nations join in praise of our own illustrious dead?
What was the principal gift which has so immortalized his name?
Which has accomplished the most good and added to his country's fame?

It is that true spirit of love which permeated all his deeds,
Which is much broader than all parties and far higher than all creeds ;
It compelled him to plead for peace on earth and also made him ken,
And feel that man's power lay in love of right and all his fellowmen.

The power that won the hearts of the people here and o'er the sea,
Is the selfsame power that brings us all "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
Mighty power ! Of pure unselfish love for every race and clan ;
This, the secret of all his triumphs — love to God and love to man.

God reigns. Though we do not understand the ways of Infinite Mind,
Yet, like an Infinite Mother, its heart is infinitely kind.
Great nations, like great hearts, are sometimes purified by deep sorrow ;
In our sad to-day we forget that blessings may come to-morrow.

For the loved wife and relatives who have gathered about his bier ;
For the host of devoted comrades who have come from far and near ;
For all his loyal associates, and sacred friendships old and new ;
For all the brave and loving hearts, everywhere, the faithful, tried and true ;

For the undeveloped souls who have not yet found the Christ within ;
For all those who apparently are still steeped in seeming sin ;
For him whose dense mental darkness is as dark as the darkest night ;
For each and all, his spirit speaks the prayerful words, "Lead, Kindly Light."

September 19, 1901.

OPTIMISM.

Read some good poem every morning,
Its words will help you through the day,
Be the weather cloudy or storming,
Its joy will help you smile and say,
"Above the clouds the sun is shining,
They are hovering as the night;
To reveal their gold tinted lining,
My soul shines as a candle bright.

"I behold only the best in all,
No life but holds some sacred good;
I cling to this good, however small,
Until the rest is understood.
I have buried the unpleasant things,
Deep down in past memory's fen.
I now shed the peace forgiveness brings,
And judge kindly my fellow men."

Read another one, with your story,
After the sun rolls down the west,
After the stars have donned their glory,
And all nature has gone to rest.
It will help you rise above earth's care,
Into the pure white light which gleams,
From the soul's high mountain of prayer,
And which reflects in peaceful dreams.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

The glad reunion day is nearly here,
The sweetest, saddest day in all the year,
The day when joy is tempered with a tear,
Thanksgiving.

In each heart is mingled emotions rare,
Each table has its pleasure and its care,
And nine out of ten has its vacant chair,
Thanksgiving.

Yet, I feel another table is spread
With heavenly wine and spiritual bread,
For all those whom we have long mourned as dead,
Thanksgiving.

From loved ones here to the loved ones there, e'en
My soul seems to rise till I stand between
The visible things and the Great Unseen.
Thanksgiving.

As I close my eyes and with the mind see,
They seem so very, very close to me,
I behold them just as they used to be,
Thanksgiving.

And wonder if in that home over there,
There is waiting for us an empty chair,
That we may, sometime, their reunion share,
Thanksgiving.

We praise Thee, O God, we truly are glad
For truth we now see, for good we have had ;
Some joys are so sweet they almost seem sad,
Thanksgiving.

There is much to be thankful for, but of
Choicest manna handed us from above,
The best, O Father, is life, faith and love,
Thanksgiving.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Merry Christmas chimes are ringing,
  Time's cycle has again turned 'round ;
Happy hearts are swiftly bringing,
  Forth the echo of their clear sound,
Rich voices are sweetly singing,
"The new-born Christ of God is found."

Found in the manger of each soul,
  All wrapped in Virtue's garments white ;
The perfect image of the whole,
  A True Self all aglow with light ;
While Truth does down the eons roll,
  This star of Love ever shines bright.

This first-born child of the All-Good,
  Is the Real Self of every one.
When this great Truth is understood,
  Each gladly says, "Thy will be done."
Knowing the world's great brotherhood,
  Is an expression of this Son.

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Yes, ring in each New Year, ring sweetly, bells, ring !
Though they fly quickly by like birds on the wing.
The ones that have vanished I cannot call old,
Though their moons are past, yet their jewels I hold.
The good, I retain as a souvenir, dear years ;
In the grave of the wrong I bury my tears.
I lift my heart, and pray that I may atone,
Errors overcome, and false idols dethrone.
Each year brings its secrets, be they sad or sweet,
Each hour lays them, one by one, at our feet,
For us to pick up and transform as we will,
To turn to a blessing or spurn as an ill.
Are our errors stepping-stones, and good beget ?
Or must we view them with vain, useless regret ?
O ring in each New Year, ring sweetly, bells, ring !
And whatever of joy or sorrow they bring,
Bring also the power to master false fate —
For a soul one with God there is no too late.
Whatever man's error, refuse it a throne,
Deny it can rule, its seeming strength disown.
Nothing but Good is self-existent and real,
Bestow on it your loyal homage and zeal.
Only Good, Truth, Love, are eternal as Life,
All error must fall by its own weight in strife.
To no Time, no Past, no Future, can we bow,
But to the ever-present, eternal Now.
Only in the *now* can we give love and cheer,
So ring, sweet bells, ring ! Ring in the Glad New Year !

COULD I!

This dear old world is so full of good thoughts,
From the dull gray earth to the sky so blue ;
In the fleecy clouds I see them inwrought,
In the dark soil beneath I see them, too ;
Could I but copy them down !

I see in the valleys and the mountains,
Sweet sacred thoughts and tender Odes are lain ;
I see them in the rocks and the fountains,
I see them in the sunshine and the rain ;
Could I but copy them down !

The lowliest glen and the highest hill,
The tall stately oak and the creeping vine,
The limpid lake and the waterfall's rill,
All speak with an eloquence quite sublime ;
Could I but copy it down !

There are verses rare in the twinkling stars,
And the "Man in the Moon" has much to say ;
There are speeches bright as little red Mars,
And poems galore in the Milky Way ;
Could I but copy them down !

There is poetry down in the river's bed,
And more scattered over Sahara's sand;
The earth's mines are rich with Epics unsaid,
And songs unsung lie on the ocean's strand;
Could I but copy them down!

I see sermons in fields of golden grain,
While each flower holds a secret in hand;
I see them on the hillside and the plain,
While the forests are full of Lyrics grand;
Could I but copy them down!

Does God think through the flowers and the trees?
Does He speak through man and nature so fair?
Does He sing through the birdlings and the bees?
I see His thoughts and His words everywhere;
Could I but copy them down!

I WANT.

You have heard of the letter a little girl wrote
To Santa Claus of old ;
How many and varied were the gifts she craved,
More than her house could hold.

Dear friends, I feel so much like that child to-night,
As from my heart there springs
A great desire. For all mankind, not just for self,
I want so many things.

I want Good alone to rule, without as within
The life of every man ;
I want him to know that he is a perfect part
Of the eternal plan.

And that each fellow-mortal born into this world
Is just as good as he ;
You doubt it ? Well, we all have our faults and failings,
And none of us are free.

Then what right have we to judge ? None at all, I claim,
Instead, let us fashion
In our mind, higher ideals, more loving thoughts, which
Embody compassion.

Compassion ! O thou sweet sister of Charity,
Abide in me, I pray ;
Never leave me, for I want real, true symyathy
For every one alway.

Be they overcome by either sin or sorrow,
Whether an oath or moan
Burst from their lips, I know way down deep each one has
A heart just like my own.

It is not for me to say of them, "They can
Do better if they try ; "
It is for me to help, encourage and uplift,
Knowing well that had I

Been born in just their place and with their power —
And can't you every one
Affirm ? Had we been just like them we should do just
The same as they have done.

And had we, just as we are, been born in their place,
How many do you say —
With their same trials and temptations — could have done
One half as well as they ?

I want no aching hearts ; no selfish, unkind thoughts ;
No tears for eyes to shed ;
I want the world to be happy ; joy to prevail,
And peace crown every head.

I want health and strength and power to take the throne
And weakness put to rout ;
I want knowledge to take the place of ignorance,
And sin be blotted out.

I want every homeless wanderer comfortably
Housed and clothed and fed ;
And the Christ within turn each from error's way, and
All be divinely led.

I want that far-off heaven moved and brought close by —
At every fireside ;
I want the Truth — that God is Good and God is All —
Realized far and wide.

I want a mind as clean, a heart as pure, as a
Knight of the Holy Grail ;
I want eyes to pierce the dense darkness of the grave,
And see beyond that vale.

I want those dear ones, for a moment, to turn and
Greet us at Love's portal ;
I want ears to hear their words of cheer, telling us,
"All life is immortal."

I want the nations to stop their fighting, and seek
Wisdom rather than gold ;
I want, yes, I want all these things and many more,
The half I have not told.

Wise men tell us, these are our inheritance now,
If we could but believe ;
Perhaps we hold them as the acorn holds the oak,
If we could but receive.

How are we to unfold ? I know of but one way —
Desire, work and trust ;
We feel a need and open our soul in prayer ;
Then to attain, we must

Strive unceasingly, not doubting but that all things
Work together for good;
Have no creed but Truth; no shrine but a holy heart;
No power but God;

See only Good; fix our gaze on the Absolute;
Know that to It belong
All triumphs, Truth over error, Life over death,
And right over wrong.

Trust the Great Heart of the Eternal; know in It
All life's treasures abound;
Know that we came forth from It, are one with It,
Then our birthright is found.

Those stars up there say "Be faithful," while yonder moon
Bids me shed my pale light;
May each tomorrow's sun still greater blessings bring you;
Good night, dear friends, good night.

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